PS 3531
.A362
W5
1922
Copy 1

What *Can* We Do With Aunt Sally?

—BY—

BELL ELLIOTT PALMER

PRICE 35 CENTS

Eldridge Entertainment House

Franklin, Ohio and Denver, Colo.
944 So. Logan Street

YOU WILL BE GLAD TO KNOW OF THESE NEW PLAYS

Training Mary

By Mary Shaw Page. A bright 1-act play with simple stage setting. William, husband of Mary, essays to train Mary, especially along the lines of correcting carelessness. As is always the case, William gets in deep water, but finally wades out. 2 males, 4 females, and plays about 45 minutes. Price, 25c.

The Hired Man's Courtship

By Alice Cripps. A short comedy-drama in 2 acts. Captain Edwards tires of wealth and the city, and procures work on Horton's farm, only to find that the farmer's daughter is an old sweetheart. Because of an intrigue on the part of the captain's cousin, an estrangement takes place, which ends happily when the captain finds the source of certain stories and refutes them. Aunt Hepsey, Jim and Ezra (colored), add comedy to the play. Plays about 45 minutes, and is for 3 males and 3 females. Price, 25c.

Merely Anne Marie

A comedy in 3 acts by Beulah King. 3 males, 5 females. Time, 2½ hours. The scenes are laid in a fashionable boarding house, and the characters are all distinct types and worth while. A successful playwright, desiring to escape notoriety, seeks seclusion at Mrs. Teague's and becomes the hero of Anne Marie, the dining room maid. The dialogue is bright, the situations clever and the story ends happily. 35c.

A Bit of Scandal

By Fannie Barnett Linsky. Comedy-drama in 2 acts. Francina, who is to play at the recital, composes her own number. On the evening of the recital, Mary Sherman, who precedes her on the program, plays Francina's compositions, which she has stolen. The reasons for the theft all come out later and of course, all ends well. Nine characters. Plays about 1 hour. Price, 35c.

Miss Burnett Puts One Over

By Ethelyn Sexton. A rollicking 1-act girls' play for 6 characters. Barbara's mother has a friend, Ann Burnett, who is to visit the girls at college, with the intention of giving a generous sum to the school. The girls, wishing o gain her good will, practice their "manners." Miss Burnett, however, appears in disguise and has much fun at their expense. All ends well and the school gets the money. Plays about 45 minutes. Easy setting and costumes. Price, 25c.

Eldridge Entertainment House

FRANKLIN, OHIO . also DENVER, COLO.
944 S. Logan St.

What *Can* We Do With Aunt Sally?

A Comedy In Two Acts

By BELL ELLIOTT PALMER
Author of
"Men Not Wanted," "A Social Crisis," "Dodging an Heiress," "A Budget of Plays," etc.

PRICE 35 CENTS

Copyright 1922, Eldridge Entertainment House

PUBLISHED BY
ELDRIDGE ENTERTAINMENT HOUSE
FRANKLIN, OHIO DENVER, COLO.

PS3531
.A362W5
1922

Cast of Characters and Costumes.

Professor Alfred Pendleton ..... An Expert in Birdlore
Harvey Pendleton ..... His Sophisticated Nephew
Mr. Everet Hastings ..... Host to the Professor
Leonard Burton ..... Betty Hastings' Lover
Abner Smith .... Gardener at Hastings' Summer home
Mrs. Everet Hastings ..... Hostess
Aunt Sally Hastings, Herself
Betty Hastings ..... Sweet young Girl of about twenty
Jean MacDonald ..... Practical-minded Scotch maid
Six Society Ladies .... Gushing type; callers upon Prof.

Time of Presentation, one hour.

COSTUMES—

Modern—all but Aunt Sally's, who insists upon the styles of her "own day."

One setting only, required.

PROPERTIES

Furnishings for tastefully-arranged living room in pretty summer home. Center table with magazines, electrolier and flowers; desk in rear-left; piano, right; wicker furniture, upholstered in gracefully-designed creton; phone-desk at left; window left-center; doors, rear and right-center.

©CLD 63220

DEC 30 '22

no 1

What *Can* We Do With Sally?

ACT I.

(*Mrs. Hastings, stylishly-dressed, matronly, discovered fluttering nervously about room, rearranging magazines, adjusting shades; Mr. Hastings, light summer suit, reads newspaper near table; Betty, in pretty voille, plays softly at piano.*)

MRS. HASTINGS—(*nervously*) Everet, since you must have read that paper through three times already, perhaps you will be good enough to start for the Professor. It would be fine hospitality to make him wait in our little countryside station.

MR. HASTINGS—(*laying down paper; speaks easily*) Now, calm yourself, mother. I have already met the milk train to please you, and there is but one other, due in fifteen minutes. It only takes five to reach the station.

MRS. H.—(*with sigh*) I know; but you always insist upon having engine trouble, when anyone is dying or the errand is very important. You should give yourself extra time.

MR. H.—(*calmly*) Well, I will leap out of the car, if it fails me, and meet him on foot. There is plenty of time left for that. I do not suppose the train operators have run a special, even to accommodate the Great High Mogul of a bird specialist your club has raked up.

MRS. H.—(*scornfully*) Raked up, indeed! We had to fight as hard to get him as one does over a piece of real lace at a bargain sale.

(*Enter Jean, door-rear; speaks to Mrs. H.*) Is there any other extras you wish done, ma'am, before I get my mind completely on the dinner? I ain't got much time left to spare.

MRS. H.—(*nervously*) Has everything come, Jean?

JEAN—Nothing but the cream and ice cream and meat and them queer little cabbages you had me stew up in advance. I ain't seen the "piece of resisters" yet or the lettuce for salad.

MRS. H.—(*much flurried*) I must call up Smiths and see why the pasties and greens have not arrived. One would think all our provision sellers were bachelors, the way they imagine a hostess can get ready for a distinguished guest at the eleventh hour.

MR. H.—(*rising with big stretch; to wife*) My dear, did you remember to tell Jean to polish the inside knobs and the window-latches of our attic? If the Professor should think we were poor housekeepers, I should die of mortification.

MRS. H.—(*moving toward phone; icily*) They say women have no sense of humor, but thank heaven, we at least know when *not* to laugh.

MR. H.—(*teasingly*) Well, I'm responsible for the outhouses, at least; so, Jean, please tell Abner to polish all the nails and screws in my tool chest. If the Professor should come across one dusty screw, it would be the last of me.

JEAN—(*dismally*) Yes, sir, I'll tell him, though if he is as tired in his bones as I am polishing up for that grand professor, I am afraid he will slip over a few—he's that shiftless, anyway.

MR. H.—(*good-naturedly, as he picks up hat from table*) Why, Jean, I thought you and Abner had about made up your mind to step out into the life of Double Blessedness. You do not think that badly of his habits, do you?

JEAN—(*sniffing*) The morning light often brings us more sense than we had the night before. I'm content to stay as I am, if he's a sample of usefulness. All I ever see him doing is building bird houses, morning, noon and night. (*Exit Jean, door-rear.*)

MRS. H.—(*witheringly*) That, I suppose, is a man's sense of humor: to ridicule one's wife before servants.

MR. H.—(*drawing on auto gloves*) Oh, my dear, nothing was farther from my thoughts; but Jean seemed so downcast that I hoped a little joke wouldn't go amiss. I fear she did not see the point. If she really delivers my message to King Abner, I'm lost—for a gardener.

MRS. H.—(*witheringly*) She will; with a little of her own present spite against him thrown in. Abner is so proud of his bird houses that he is quite sensitive about being expected to do much else. He will never forgive you. But it will serve you right if you have to dig your own garden a while.

BETTY—(*turning on piano stool with laugh*) I will help you dig, Dad, dear. I want to throw off five pounds. Leonard does not like chunky women, you know, and I have been using my roadster too much for my own good, lately.

MR. H.—(*throwing kiss as he moves toward door-right*) My Eternal Comfort! And if we grow too weary under the unusual strain, we'll take the nice fat angles we turn up and go fishing. (*Starts out door; bumps into Leonard Burton, just entering; returns inside door.*) Why, hello, Len! Why off work this time of the day? Does the thought of the Professor make you nervous, too?

LEONARD—(*laughing*) He had entirely escaped my memory. Good morning, Mother-to-be; howdy, little sweetheart. (*Crosses to Betty and takes both her hands, smiling down at her.*) It was such a come-out to-me day that I skipped my architectural work and rushed over to see if you wouldn't go on a long country drive.

BETTY—(*warmly*) Oh, I would just love to—but—

MRS. H.—No, I can't possibly spare her, Len, dear. Everything is going wrong, and the Professor is so distinguished, he is probably used to a bed of roses. (*Sighs*) We must do our feeble best to make his stay endurable.

(*Moves to telephone; calls "Windsor* 146"*; speaks.*) Hello—This is Mrs. Everet Hastings—What *has* become of the pasties and lettuce I ordered last evening?—A break-down, you say?—Well, that is certainly unfortunate, but you *must* get them here right away. Call a special messenger, if there is no other way.

Leonard—(*quickly, as she puts down the receiver*) Let me drive over for them, Mrs. Hastings. My car and time is at your service the rest of the day.

MRS. H.—(*relieved*) Oh, if you will; and the roses have not come yet from Bristow's. You could help a lot by stopping there, too. (*Looks at clock; with dismayed voice.*) My heavens, only six minutes left in which to persuade Aunt Sally into that little grey gown I ordered for her. She will probably utterly rebel, but I will do my best. (*Moves toward door-right.*)

LEONARD—(*laughing*) Why do you try? Aunt Sally is just—Aunt Sally. She looks quaint and dear in the costumes she prefers.

MRS. H.—So quaint that I fear she will get on the poor Professor's nerves, and make him unfit to give his lecture before our club. Big men are very temperamental, you know. (*Exit door-right.*)

BETTY—(*laughing easily*) Poor mother; she is almost a wreck before our guest arrives. She owns such an obstreperous family!

LEONARD—(*slipping arm about her*) When *we* have distinguished guests—we'll just have them. A soft-boiled egg and a cup of tea, with you as hostess, would make any menu fit enough for a king.

BETTY—(*softly*) You always say such sweet things, dear. I am never going to let anything worry me, so long as I have you.

LEONARD—I did so long to have you just to myself today. Can't you, at least, put on your hat and go on the errands with me?

BETTY—I surely wish I could, but mother would

have nervous prostration if I left her an instant. It is train time now.

LEONARD—(*resignedly*) Well, it wont be long before I can claim your time legally and rightfully. My bridge plan went through and I have orders for three bungalows and an up-to-date restaurant.

BETTY—(*happily*) Good! I knew you were too brilliant not to succeed. In another six months, perhaps—

LEONARD—In another four. But I must rush and smuggle the belated goods kitchenward. (*Kisses her; calls back from door-right.*) Give my love to the Professor, dearest. Tell him life seems very full of joy to me, since I've heard of his coming. (*Exit.*)

(*Enter Mrs. H., door-rear, speaks flurriedly*) Dear, dear, I can not do a thing with Aunt Sally. She says she has no desire to pose before the Professor as other than her natural self; and that she prefers the styles of twenty years ago to the flapper comedies of today. (*Sinks into chair wearily.*) I tried to persuade her to take the bus and visit her poor brother, who might pass off any moment with his rheumatism; but she only laughs and prophesies that he will probably outlive us all, as he is so used to his rheumatism, after many years experience with it, that he would hardly know how to get along without it. Such frivolous talk for a woman of her years!

BETTY—(*soothingly*) Oh, never mind, mother. Aunt Sally is so little and quiet the Professor may not even notice her. Besides, she *is* a dear, even if a bit eccentric.

MRS. H.—He might overlook her past-years' style, if she were not so eager to talk birds all the time. One would think she considered herself actual authority on the subject. I do hope she won't show her ignorance of the matter by asking some outlandish questions.

(*Honk of auto horn is heard outside; Mrs. Hastings springs up, looks hurriedly about room.*) There they are! Betty, do arrange that telephone straight. My, what a mess your father made of his paper! (*Arranges it hur-*

riedly, adjusts a chair or two, then sinks into rocker near table, with fancy work, assuming an easy and smiling attitude.)

(*Enter door-right, Mr. Hastings with suitcase, followed by travel-stained, carelessly-dressed, elderly man, wearing big horn-glasses, carrying spy-glasses, books, pads; also young man, dressed in latest, rather flashy style. He carries suitcase bearing several foreign labels. Mrs. Hastings rises and moves forward with gracious smile.*)

MR. H.—My wife, Professor Pendleton, and daughter, Betty. (*To Betty.*) Professor brought along his nephew to keep him company. Mr. Harvey Pendleton by name.

MRS. H.—(*holding out cordial hand.*) It is such a pleasure and honor to have you with us in our little country resort village, Professor Pendleton. (*Extends hand to nephew.*) And I am just ever so glad you decided to come with your uncle. There are quite a number of charming young persons around and we will try to make you have a pleasant time. (*Presses electric button; Jean enters, wiping hands on apron hurriedly.*) Jean, help Mr. Hastings carry the luggage upstairs. I think the gentlemen would like to go to their rooms at once, after such a hot, dusty trip. Luncheon will be ready as soon as you are, Professor Pendleton, and—Harvey. (*Smiles at latter.*) You see, I feel you are just one of us, already.

HARVEY—Thanks. That is very gracious of you, Mrs. Hastings.

PROFESSOR P.—A touch of fresh water would be very restful. I hope we are not putting you out, madam, arriving just in the middle of the day.

MRS. H.—(*gushingly*) Oh, not at all. It is a great pleasure to welcome you any moment of the day, or night.

(*Prof. bows, gathers up pile of books and pads, follows Mr. Hastings through door-right; Jean, handling field glasses and trap-device gingerly, follows; Mrs. H.*

goes out door-rear; Harvey picks up own suitcase, but stops at door and comes back.)

HARVEY—(*gallantly*) You can't expect me to go right up—after meeting you, Miss Betty Hastings.

BETTY—(*with flattered smile*) It is very nice to have an outsider visit us. As soon as luncheon is over, I will take you for a ride in my roadster. The country is lovely around here, and we will stop in and visit some of my best friends.

HARVEY—Leave the friend part out. One does not like to see even rare diamonds—after gazing at a morning star.

BETTY—(*pleased with this new line of talk*) How beautifully you put things. (*Quickly.*) Are you interested in birds, too, like your noted uncle?

HARVEY—(*shrugging shoulder*) Not I! Nearly three-fourths of the world's population has gone bird-crazy. I am out for newer lines. (*Sits on edge of table.*) You see, I have doped out a new theory that beats psycho-analysis to a frazzle. Dreams do not count for nearly as much as those sensationalists would have us think. It is when we pass from the semiconscious condition of sleep into our first wakeful consciousness, that we get the real clues as to what we are—or should be. I call it the Morning Vista Thought.

BETTY—How wonderful! But I do not quite understand.

HARVEY—(*as Jean enters*) Let me demonstrate with your maid. (*In lower voice.*) The more uneducated the subject, the more direct are the answers to questions. (*Approaches Jean.*) Miss—er—er—

JEAN—(*staring at him coldly*) Jean MacDonald is my name, young man. Do you want a drink of water? If such is the case, I'll show you the spigot. I am not a centipede and luncheon is already cooking itself into eternity.

BETTY—(*reprovingly*) Jean! Mr. Harvey is Professor Pendleton's nephew.

JEAN—(*rebelliously*) Well, I didn't say he was mine, Miss Betty. And your ma holds me responsible for this feast that's going on. I just came in to ask her how much longer them men are going to be washing their faces as—

HARVEY—(*laughing*) Uncle will be down in a jiffy, Jean, and I will make quick work of my toilet; but right now I want to ask you a question. It won't take but a second. What was your first—your very first thought—when you awakened this morning? Can you possibly remember?

JEAN—(*promptly*) Well, I don't know why that should interest you much, but while I was hunting around for my stocking, that Miss Betty's good-for-nothing pup had buried under my bed, I wished the sparrows outside my window would stop their eternal chattering. They seemed to be making fun of me, and I was in trouble enough.

HARVEY—(*drawing pencil and pad from pocket, excitedly*) Exactly. You were jealous of those birds—subconsciously, because, without knowing it, you have always wanted to sing, yourself!

JEAN—(*snappishly*) Well, the world never wanted me to! But, if you mean to say my voice ain't any ter than them senseless chatterings of the sparrows, you are going a good deal further in plain speech than any other mortal ever dared.

HARVEY—(*laughing again*) But I do not mean that at all, Jean MacDonald. If you are jealous of something, your next thought is to get ahead of it. Your Morning Vista Thought proves very clearly that you were cut out for a big singer. It is not too late now to begin, although—

JEAN—(*moving toward door-rear, scornfully*) See here, young man, if you think you're going to lure a woman of my age and high moral standing into the wicked wiles of the stage, you've got another guess coming. (*To Betty.*) And don't you let him persuade you,

either, darling, with his crinkled-candy talk. (*To Harvey, just as she goes out door.*) A fine singer I'd make, when my own brother used to pay me a quarter a week to stay out of our choir. He said he had a case of ruined nerves every time he heard me a-tryin so hard to hitch on somewhere with the rest of them vocalists. (*Exit.*)

HARVEY—(*crossing to window with laugh*) Whew! I need a breath of fresh air after so much opposition; but it is all true, just the same. (*Suddenly.*) Why, I didn't notice a home for aged persons, as we drove over here, but the funniest old woman is parading about on your lawn. Looks like she had been lifted out of a chapter of Dickens.

BETTY—(*Crosses to window, looks out; speaks coldly*) The funniest old woman, you say. Why, she's only forty-five, and she is big enough to rise above the demands of styles. (*Looks at his clothes scornfully.*) That is my dear Aunt Sally.

HARVEY—(*confused*) I beg a thousand pardons. I surely do admire any one who does not worry over fickle, fleeting fashion. (*Takes out pad.*) By the way, such a mind as that must have wonderful morning vistas. I must make a note about asking her what her first thought was upon awakening. (*Moves nearer Betty.*) Won't you forgive me my careless little joke? I shall be utterly miserable until you do. I am really awfully fond of Aunt Sally, already.

BETTY—(*laughing*) You are forgiven. I really can't blame you much. She does look odd—at the first glance.

HARVEY—And you will still take me out in your roadster?

BETTY—Why, of course!

HARVEY—(*taking up suitcase*) Then I will run up and wash before I get into serious trouble with Jean. I have put it off too long now, because every moment away from you is that much golden time lost.

BETTY—Don't spoil me with pretty speeches. We are not used to it around here. Your room is first on the right at head of stairs.

(*Exit Harvey door-right. Enter Aunt Sally almost immediately, same door. She is a little keen-eyed woman, bristling with energy; wears full-skirted dress that sweeps floor; puffy balance-sleeves, child's straw hat with depending streamer.*)

AUNT SALLY—Good gracious, child! Who was that flaming flamingo that swept by me in the hall? Surely you don't call him a professor!

BETTY—That is Professor Pendleton's nephew, Harvey Pendleton, whom he brought along to keep him company. (*Lays hand on aunt's arm wheedlingly.*) Aunt Sally, do run up and put on that pretty new grey. You look so darling in it.

AUNT—No; I will just freshen my face and hair a bit. I am going to be poking around over the lawn and into sheds, showing the Professor the birds, and I feel easier in this.

BETTY—(*despairingly*) But it is so odd, Aunt Sally, and we owe it to our distinguished guest. You look so young in the grey. Why, Harvey thought that—that you were the inmate of a home for the aged, when he saw you strolling over the lawn just now.

AUNT—(*indignantly*) He did! Well, he is in greater need of a sanitarium for his mind than I am of a home for the decrepit. Such manners as youth shows toward middle age, these days! But I am glad I do not have to doll up in flashlight clothes to let persons know I am on earth.

(*Enter Mr. Hastings, door-right, wiping forehead with handkerchief.*)

MR. H.—Whew! That suitcase weighed most a ton! The Professor evidently intends to set traps for prey all over our lawn. And from the number of field glasses he's getting ready to sight on them, they will surely think they are surrounded by a world-wide army.

AUNT—(*indignantly*) He will do nothing of the kind around here! Abner and I have just refreshened the nests in all the houses, and that is excitement enough without having their private life molested by spies.

MR. H.—(*laughing*) Well, I guess he won't try if you intend to take charge, Sally. (*Humorously.*) Sally, aren't you going to curl your hair and rouge a bit for the distinguished Professor?

AUNT—Not that I know of. If the birds like me this way—and they do—I am not going to primp up for a mere mortal. (*Exit door-right.*)

(*Enter Abner, door-rear. He wears overalls, big straw hat, his face red and angry.*)

ABNER—(*mopping forehead with red bandana, as he removes hat*) Say, Mr. Hastings, excuse me for coming in, but I just want to say that if you ain't satisfied with the way I keep your tool chest, you can look out for another gardener right away.

MR. H.—(*soothingly*) Now, now, Abner, you know I think you an A-1 helper. Everything you touch looks spick and span.

ABNER—(*a little mollified*) Well, it ain't in the nature of things to go over every single nail and screw every single day, and yet I do—pretty much. But if you found a little dust on the end of one, like Jean says you did, that ain't no real cause for knocking—

MR. H.—Come now, Abner, haven't you lived long enough not to pay attention to what women say? There's a new hat in this for you, and material for the finest bird house you ever made and—a dollar bill. But let me go in to luncheon in a peaceful frame of mind.

ABNER—(*moving toward door-rear*) All right, sir. Jean is that riled up over cooking so many new dishes that I guess she was just seeing things in her mind. (*Exit.*)

(*Footsteps and voices heard outside door-right. Enter Prof., much freshened, but wearing ill-fitting clothes; nephew, even more spick and span.*)

BETTY—Professor Pendleton, this is Aunt Sally Hastings, father's sister. She is so anxious to hear your lecture on birds. Aunt Sally, this is Harvey Pendleton, the Professor's nephew.

AUNT—(*shaking hands with Prof., bows coldly to nephew*) This is a fine place for birds, Professor. We have almost every variety known to temperate zones—because we offer them so many trees and freedom from outside disturbances.

PROF.—(*moves to window; looks out.*) Your lawn alone, does seem to hold a thousand varieties. I am anxious to get out and see if I can locate a new one.

AUNT—I will show you around myself. I know every nest and egg. Abner, our gardener, is a great bird lover, too. He has made many clever houses for those that care for architectural help.

MR. H.—Yes, Abner is quite an artist along that line to the great joy of our weeds. He is planning a new one this very moment.

PROF.—I should like to watch him at his work. (*To Aunt S.*) Miss Sally Hastings—. The name sounds familiar. Why, you were the person who wrote me the interesting notes on bird migration last fall, were you not?

BETTY—(*looking over quickly from low talk with Harvey*) Oh, no, it must have been another Miss Hastings. Aunt Sally just putters around among birds for her own amusement.

PROF.—(*taking small book from pocket*) Have you ever read this book, Miss Hastings? It is a delightful and authentic little story, called "Runaway Birds." It is put out anonymously, but I would like very much to find out the name of the author and communicate with him or her.

AUNT—(*confused*) Yes, I've read it. I think it *is* true.

(*Enter Mrs. H., door-rear; looks flurried, but assumes easy smile and tone.*)

MRS. H.—Ah, you are down, Professor, and Harvey. Then we will go right out to luncheon. It is just ready.

HARVEY—(*to Betty*) Good! It will not be long now until we start on our drive.

PROF.—(*standing aside with other men while ladies start out*) I hope you have not put yourself out any for us, Mrs. Hastings. A cup of tea and bit of toast is all I need for luncheon.

MRS. H.—(*hurriedly*) Oh, no, we have only simple meals—very simple indeed.

PROF.—(*To Aunt S.*) It is such a pleasure to think you will be my informant this afternoon, Miss Hastings, in our walk about the lawn.

BETTY—(*hurriedly*) Oh, Aunt Sally just putters around among birds—but she will be glad to listen to you.

(*Exeunt all, door-rear.*)

CURTAIN

ACT II.

Time—Evening of next day.

(*Scene: same as Act I., with profusion of roses in evidence; shades drawn and electroliers lit. Leonard discovered pacing room, hands in pockets, disconsolate look on face. Enter Jean, door-rear, carrying tray of ice water.*)

JEAN—Good evening to you, Mr. Len. You look like you was going to be hung in five minutes; but you haven't suffered like some of us as has had to cook queer messes for a man who won't eat anything but baby food; as well as answering a million bells and telephones.

LEONARD—(*gloomily*) I have already been hanged, Jean; at least my heart has. Where's Betty? I can't even get a glimpse of her since that feather-brained nephew wished himself upon the scene.

JEAN—(*more gloomily*) I am sure sorry for you, Mr. Len; but I am afraid you'd better give up hope, for that fashion plate has about persuaded her to go on the stage.

LEONARD—(*angrily*) Well, I guess not! The stage, of all places! Where did he get such a fool notion about Betty?

JEAN—(*switching evening paper into order*) Well, she told him about something he calls a morning vista, and he says it proves she's missed her calling by staying in this little place. A daddy-long-leg crawled out of her shoe when she first woke up this morning and she remembered her mind flashed the thought that she wished the old daddy would move faster out of her way. That Harvey man says it showed she was impatient of clumsiness, and proved she would make the most graceful of stage dancers.

LEONARD—(*scornfully*) Huh! I'd hate to try for stage life with nothing better than a daddy-long-legs back of me. What does this young promoter of morning lights think is his own special mission in life—wrecking happy homes and hearts, I suppose.

JEAN—No, when I was fixin' the flowers this morning, I heard him tell Miss Betty that his special stunt was bravery. He says every morning his first thought is of the big trees outside his window. He claims they are tall and beautiful, but he wishes they were taller. That means he ought to be bigger than they are and lead men in bravery. (*Flops chair into new position.*) He makes me that nervous, Mr. Len, with his crazy talk, that I am afraid to go to bed at night. But Abner says he will keep a good look-out from the garage window, so I can rest a bit for tomorrow's cyclone. Thank heaven, they leave on the afternoon train.

LEONARD—(*fiercely*) One thing is certain: that brazen man cannot snatch away from me in two days what it has taken me three years to win—not if I have to commit real murder.

JEAN—(*dismally*) I wouldn't want to discourage you, Mr. Len, but there is nothing certain about love. My own poor brother was all dressed for his wedding, just to sit and wait for the taxi that was carrying his sweetheart away to marry another man.

LEONARD—(*laughing for first time*) You certainly give a fellow raw comfort, Jean. (*Very soberly.*) But something has to be done to save Betty from following this lunatic's ideas. I don't see what has come over her. She is usually so reliable and well-balanced. Can't you help me think out a plan, Jean, with that clear Scotch brain of yours?

JEAN—(*leaning against table; thinks hard, suddenly brightening*) Why don't you try out his bravery some way? If you could give him a good scare, I warrant you he would flop like cheesecloth, souzed in warm milk.

LEONARD—(*delighted*) Splendid! But just how could we go about it?

JEAN—(*springing up joyously*) I have it, I have it! The boss and missus are going to take the Professor a moonlight drive in a few minutes. You could mask and creep in on Miss Betty and that lunatic, who will be dawdling over the piano according to custom, and say you have come to kidnap one or the other of them. That it don't make no great difference to you, seeing as the parents of both are rich.

LEONARD—But suppose Harvey Pendleton should act the only fit way and offer himself. He would be a white elephant on my hands, for I couldn't really murder him.

JEAN—(*sniffing*) Say, if I don't miss my count, he'll offer Miss Betty to you in a jiffy, and crawl under the sofa himself.

LEONARD—(*laughing*) All right. We will try the plan. Many thanks, Jean. I'll go right out now, to the theatrical box in the loft and choose a costume. When the coast is clear, signal me with a flashlight at the

kitchen window. (*Stops, troubled.*) But, suppose the fright should make Betty ill?

JEAN—The stage would make her more ill. It's time someone took hold in earnest to save her from that lunatic.

LEONARD—Come on, then. Betty must not catch me here. (*Exeunt Leonard and Jean, door-rear, just as voices are heard outside door-right. Enter Betty and Harvey in outdoor costumes.*)

BETTY—Yes, I really tremble to think what might have been a life failure, if you had not come in time to set me right.

HARVEY—(*helping her off with her jacket with lingering touch*) It is the happiest moment of my life when I think I have been of real assistance to you.

BETTY—(*Breaks off rosebud, puts it in his lapel.*) With this I don you my Knight of Inspiration and Bravery.

HARVEY—(*touching lips to bud*) I hope I shall always be worthy of the honor. Nothing shall ever be too difficult or terrible for me to surmount, with you as my inspiration.

BETTY—But, suppose I did fail in my stage career? I would never have the courage to come back to home—or old friends.

HARVEY—(*meaningly*) Would you have to come back to them? I shall ever be ready in sunshine or storm to fly to you if—

BETTY—(*quickly*) Did you say you would like to hear that new dance piece? It is a good time now, while the family are out. (*Moves to piano, seats herself, begins playing soft strain. Odd noise is heard just outside window. Harvey looks nervously over shoulder, but says nothing. Enter Leonard stealthily, through window, well disguised as professional ruffian. He points revolver at once at Harvey.*)

HARVEY—(*trembling*) Bet-ty—lo-o-ok!

BETTY—(*whirls on stool, gasps, but rises to emergency.*) Well, sir, what do you want here? The gardener and maid are near at hand. I advise you to leave at once.

BURGLAR—(*in muffled voice*) I have no fears, as this Old Reliable is well loaded. But I've got to have money, a big hunk, too. No work, nothing fair in this world. So I'm goin' to kidnap one or t'other of you and hold you for ransom, being as your families are both too rich to suit my kind. You an' the gentleman can fix the choice to suit yerself.

BETTY—(*in shrill voice*) Jean!

BURGLAR—No need of that, mum. But a maid, more or less, won't do no harm, as my 'complices will help me out, if needs be.

JEAN—(*entering door-rear*) Did you call, Miss Betty? (*Stares at burglar.*) Merciful heavens! Who be we entertaining next?

BURGLAR—Have no fears, mum. I do not intend murder. I just want one or the other of these young folks to hold for ransom. I've left the choice to them.

JEAN—(*promptly*) Then there ain't no use of your delaying with us long. Of course the brave gentleman would never let a lady take the risk in place of himself.

BURGLAR—(*advancing, revolver pointed*) All right, then. Come, my man. It will cost your family much more than you are really worth to get you back—but a poor man has to eat and live, too, you know.

HARVEY—(*retreating back of chair*) Oh, say, I can't go! You see, I have a weak heart, and the shock might kill me. (*To Betty, pleadingly*) They would treat a lady more gently, Betty. You wouldn't mind awfully, if—if—

BETTY—(*scathingly*) I should hardly enjoy it. But if it is the only alternative—*my* heart is strong enough.

HARVEY—(*relieved*) You are the bravest girl I ever saw! (*Aside.*) We will follow at once with a

posse. It wont be long.

BURGLAR—None of that, now. I intend gagging you and that maid before I go. (Takes out bands and gags.)

HARVEY—(*backing off*) Don't! I won't give an alarm. I will be as quiet as a mouse. My heart would never stand it.

(*Auto honk heard outside, burglar and Harvey listen; Betty and Jean smile their relief.*)

BURGLAR—Well, there go my well-laid plans! But I will surely kidnap someone before the evening is over—the very one I want! (*Moves toward window quickly; turns.*) As for you, young man, I advise you not to try to protect young women, even in their own homes, with that weak heart of yours. Better take a policeman along when you go calling. (*Slips softly out of window.*)

BETTY—(*springing to phone*) We must phone the police at once.

JEAN—(*aside*) And a pretty useless chase they'd have, finding the kidnaper. (*To Betty.*) Don't, my brave lamb. You are worn out enough. I'll tell Abner to attend to the matter at once.

BETTY—(*leaning back wearily in chair, sighs*) I am a little nervous. I will leave it to you, Jean, only hurry. (*Exit Jean, door-rear, bowing. Betty turns to Harvey; speaks scathingly.*) So this is a sample of your wonderful bravery! A fine support you would be in time of trouble or storm. I am glad I have found out the utter nonsense of your morning vista theory before making a fatal step.

HARVEY—(*beseechingly*) Oh, Betty, do not break my heart with such speeches. I was not quite myself. My heart is really a little weak. I—I—feel wretched.

BETTY—(*coldly*) Well, I will never overtax your strength with any of my affairs. Wouldn't you like to go to your room for a rest, Mr. Pendleton? I will send Abner to you as soon as he finishes his errand. You might need a physician after undergoing such a fright.

HARVEY—(*dramatically*) You are as thoughtful as —as you are cruel. But let us hope that tomorrow will give you more leniency. I think I will go to my room for a while, but I do not need the doctor. I will fight the trouble out alone.

BETTY—I will send Abner up. Mother does not like to have her guests neglected. (*Exit door-rear.*)

(*Harvey reels out door-right, at same time.*)

(*Professor's laugh heard outside door-rear. Enters at once, Aunt Sally preceding him. Both wear auto coats.*)

PROF.—(*throwing off coat, crosses to Aunt Sally to help her take off coat solicitously; talks as he pushes out a rocker toward her*) How fortunate that my hosts had to stop on that errand, for now I can tell you what I have been longing to say ever since our first delightful walk among the birds.

AUNT—(*with surprising coquetry*) Oh, some new and interesting fact about birds, Professor? I simply can't hear enough of them.

PROF.—(*taking chair very near her*) My thought is more selfish than that. I never thought I would learn the fascinating secret of loving; but I find I can not go back to my old life with any heart at all, unless you promise me to accompany me—my dear little Bird Lady. Won't you promise to marry me without delay?

AUNT—But, *Professor Pendleton!* We have known each other only twenty-four hours!

PROF.—Twenty-four centuries is a better count, I am sure. Our interests lie in exactly the same direction. You meet my every need and longing. Think of the happy hours we could spend together in the study of bird land! (*Gravely.*) I would be miserable forever without you. Can't you possibly learn to love me?

AUNT—I—I am afraid—I wouldn't have to *learn.*

PROF.—(*taking both her hands, kisses her solemnly on forehead*) My dear Bird Lady, I am happy past all

deserts. (*Rises and takes up bird book from table.*) We will write a fanciful little book together and try to be as clever as this brilliant anonymous author. I only wish we could discover the real name.

AUNT—(*modestly*) Would you really like to know, very much?

PROF.—The worst in the world!

AUNT—I wrote it.

PROF.—(*crossing quickly to her side, clasps her hands in his delightedly*) I might have known it. No wonder I felt oddly attached to it. All the way through, it suggested *you.*

(*Enter Jean, door-right.*)

JEAN—Excuse me, Miss Sally, but there's a parcel of giggling ladies out front, who say they've just got to see the Professor once more. What shall I do with them?

AUNT—Why, bring them in, of course, Jean. (*Coyly, to Prof.*) No one can really blame them for such a wish.

PROF.—(*wiping forehead with handkerchief*) But I wish they would spare me the adoration part. It seems so idle to make a hero of a man just because he has studied a certain subject carefully. (*Places hand on her shoulder.*) It is a wonderful relief to think that I shall have a little helpmate to carry me through these situations for the rest of my life.

(*Clattering of excited voices heard outside door-right. Enter Jean, followed by four stylishly-dressed ladies; also Mr. and Mrs. H.*)

MRS. H.—(*throwing off auto coat*) I am so glad we arrived just in time. Professor Pendlton, you remember these ladies? They heard your lecture at our club, and want to tell you of their appreciation—Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Boston, Mrs. Farrell and Mrs. Sinclair.

MRS. SINCLAIR—(*bustling across to Prof. with outstretched hand*) Oh, Professor, every little feather of

every little bird means so much more to me, now, since I heard your wonderful talk.

PROF.—(*calmly*) Then I hope, Madam, you will be one of the ladies to instigate war against a single feather being used for hat trimmings.

MRS. BOSTON—(*gushingly, as she steps up*) I will surely help, too, Professor. Why, I went right home from your talk and ripped a wing off my hat and gave it to my cook! Of course, it can't restore the life of that bird—poor, murdered, beautiful darling! But it will set a good example.

MRS. B.—(*confusedly, in her turn*) Each little bird-twig—I mean, each little bird-twit,—seems full of wondrous music to my ears now, since you gave your faultless bird-note imitations.

PROF.—(*solemnly*) I fear I hardly merit such whole-hearted appreciation, ladies. Our richest human notes are but brazen efforts after silver tones.

MRS. FARRELL—What a wonderful lot of patience it must take, Professor Pendleton, for a man to so perfect himself in an art.

PROF. P.—It does require patience to meet some of the demands of—of such a pursuit. But any one can succeed in a special calling, if he or she only tries hard enough.

MR. H.—(*pushing chairs forward*) Do be seated, ladies, and you, too, Professor. We must not make a formal lecture out of your call.

MRS. FARRELL—(*Perches on edge of chair, as do other ladies*) Oh, we cannot trespass on the professor's time, but a moment. But we just couldn't rest until we had told him how we appreciate the honor of his considering our little club at all.

MRS. BOSTON—Professor Pendleton, would you mind very much if we autoed over some day and took a snapshot of your home—if you could *only* be standing in your garden among the birds, it would be invaluable! We are

making a collection of homes of noted persons for our club album.

PROF.—(*good naturedly*) Certainly; you are welcome to as many pictures as you desire; but I do not take a very handsome one myself. The garden scene without me would be more—flowery.

MRS. BROWN—(*coyly*) How cleverly you do put things, Professor Pendleton! But we want your picture. If you could autograph it, or draw a sketch of a little bird on one corner—

PROF.—(*laughing*) I am sorry, madam, but sketching does not always go with lecturing. I am afraid you would not know whether my attempt indicated a wren or a hawk.

MRS. BROWN—(*As ladies all laugh*) Well, we will hope for at least your autograph.

PROF.—Oh, certainly, certainly, if you will give me a long enough picture to get it all on. (*Turns suddenly to Aunt S.*) If you want a really famous name, however, you should ask Miss Sally Hastings to write hers, instead. Mine is known only conservatively. Her book is read and loved from coast to coast.

LADIES—(*in chorus*) *Her* book! Miss Sally Hastings a writer!

PROF.—(*holding up bird book*) Yes, she is the author of this most delightful and authentic story, "Runaway Birds."

BETTY—(*who has just entered in time to hear last few words, door-right*) Oh, Professor, you are sadly mistaken. Aunt Sally just putters around among birds for her own amusement. (*Turns to Aunt S.*) You are not the author, are you, Aunt Sally?

AUNT—(*confusedly*) I did not mean to tell, but, since you ask so directly, Betty, I am—afraid I am.

MRS. H.—Why, Sally, can it be possible? And you let me give you that book on your birthday! Why didn't you tell us?

AUNT—(*quickly*) Because I thought you had made up your mind I knew little or nothing about birds, and I did not want to disturb your comfortable views.

MR. H.—My sister an author! Good for you, Sally! And, do you know, I've sometimes wondered about that book. It sounded wonderfully like you.

MRS. FARRELL—(*gushingly, to Aunt S.*) I have had such wonderful success with my roses this year, Miss Hastings, I do wish you would drive over some day and get a big bunch of them.

MRS. BOSTON—(*following suit quickly*) Do you know, Miss Sally, I was just wondering yesterday, if you wouldn't like to go over to our apple orchard some day? It is flooded with lovely birds. I would consider it a great honor if I could persuade you.

AUNT—(*laughing*) Oh, you could persuade me easily enough; and thank you for the offer of roses, Mrs. Farrell, but I fear I won't be here long enough to trouble either of you with the real carrying out of your invitations.

MR. H.—So—another secret on the way! Are you going to gather material for a new book, Sally?

AUNT—(*laughing*) If I ever write it, I shall not trust Professor Pendleton with the authorship.

MRS. H.—Well, let's celebrate this good news with a cup of tea in the dining room. Will you all come? (*She glances toward ladies and professor; they move slowly toward door-right.*)

MRS. FARRELL—(*near door*) Oh, Professor, we can not thank you enough for filling our whole lives with new birds.

PROF.—(*laughing*) I did not bring any birds to release, madam. It is just that you have awakened interest.

MRS. BOSTON—(*to Aunt S.*) And will you write your name in my note book, Miss Hastings? Such an honor! I never read such a delightful book!

AUNT—(*touch of mystery in tone*) Some day I will, if you really want it—that is, if I can learn to spell it correctly.

MRS. BOSTON—(*gushingly*) Oh, Miss Sally, how cleverly you put things! As if you did not know how to spell your own name!

(*Exeunt all but Betty, door-right. Enter, door-rear, Leonard, on tiptoe.*)

LEONARD—Great Scott, Betty, have I found you at last! This is the twentieth time I have come to try to get a word with you, but you were always flying around with that feather-brained nephew.

BETTY—(*demurely*) One has to be polite to her parents' guests.

LEONARD—(*anxiously*) But you do not really care for his type, do you, dear?

BETTY—(*with energy*) Care for a cowardly, weak-hearted bit of tissue-paper like that?

LEONARD—I am more than thankful. Sometimes I thought—(*looks anxiously toward door-right*). Betty, come fly with me for a moonlight drive, before that man puts in another appearance. I wish you would go with me to the minister's at once. I do not want to risk any more nephews or the fearful loneliness of the last two days.

BETTY—(*easily*) You need not fear Harvey's intruding again. He is almost ill from a—little shock he received, and is resting his heart. I will marry you this summer, if mother consents. You are the biggest and bravest man I ever met.

LEONARD—(*springing toward her*) Nothing I ever heard could give me such joy. (*Bends over her just as Abner enters, door-rear.*)

ABNER—Excuse me from comin', Miss Betty, but is your paw about?

BETTY—He is in the dining room with our guests, Abner. Can't I attend to your trouble?

ABNER—Well, that young sprig above stairs is smoking a bucket of cigarettes, and raving about me driving him over to the station at once. He says this place is too full of burglars and murderers to suit him another instant. Shall I do it or shall I not, is what I'm after tryin' to find out.

BETTY—Why, certainly, take him over, Abner, if he desires to desert his uncle in that odd fashion. Father would be displeased if we did not try to please our guests.

ABNER—All right; and it is a good thing I ain't afraid of nothin', as he comes the nearest to being a full-fledged lunatic as I've met for a long time. What with settin' up at the garage window all night to protect poor Jean from his queerness, an' his tryin' to set the house a-fire every minute with his stubs, I ain't sayin' but what any burglar or murderer is welcome to him, if they happen to ask for him on our way to the station. (*Exit, door-rear.*)

LEONARD—Are you going to let the poor man go without even a good-bye? My heart strings are beginning to stretch for him.

BETTY—(*coldly*) He knows where he can find me, but I imagine he is none too anxious to face me again.

(*Voices of ladies heard outside door-right*) Good-bye, Professor, good-bye. Yes, *do* come again. We will live for next year. (*Enter Mr. and Mrs. H., the Prof. and Aunt Sally, door-right.*)

PROF.—May I not tell the good news, Sally?

MRS. H.—(*involuntarily*) *Sally*! (*Laughs.*) One gets acquainted quickly in bird-land, is it not so, Professor?

AUNT—Yes, tell them, Alfred, dear. (*Turning to family.*) You see, I overheard a little conversation, which indicated that you did not know what to do with me in my queer clothes and odd questions, while the Professor was here. But he, himself, found a solution.

PROF—(*Takes Aunt Sally's hand, bows solemnly*) I have, indeed! This wondrous little woman has consented to become my wife. If you will consent to a wedding here, we could start on our honeymoon journey tomorrow, from this beautiful place.

MR. H.—Well, well, you are a sly little sister, to keep so many secrets from your own brother. But he will forgive and rejoice in your happiness.

MRS. H.—A wedding, tomorrow—here. How lovely and romantic!

LEONARD—Oh, Aunt Sally, you have beat us to it. Betty and I were planning on a wedding soon, all our own.

AUNT—(*laughing*) Just wait until Alfred and I are back from our trip and we will come right out to take part.

JEAN—(*enters door-rear; turns to Mrs. H.; speaks*) Excuse me, but there's two more ladies heading up the walk—to see that professor-man, I guess. Shall I let them in this late?

MRS. H.—(*turning to Prof.*) You must not overtax your strength, Professor, with any more demands tonight. Perhaps you and Sally would like to go into the conservatory, while I meet the callers and excuse you.

PROF.—(*bowing*) You are very thoughtful, madam. We would indeed. (*Offers Aunt S. his arm. Exeunt Prof. and Sally, door-right.*)

MRS. H.—(*to Jean*) You have been with us so long, Jean, that you will be interested to know that Miss Hastings weds the Professor tomorrow, in this home.

JEAN—(*elated*) Now, ain't that splendid news? (*Apologetically*) And if it ain't too forward in me to say, I know just how she feels, for Abner and I have decided for sure to marry soon. We can stay right on here summer and winter, and watch after things, when you all are away.

MRS. H.—That is very fine news, Jean. You have

made a sensible choice. Abner is a good man.

JEAN—Yes, ma'am, the bravest, goodest man I ever met, or want to meet! (*Doorbell heard off stage. Jean goes out door-right. Mrs. H. smiles at Betty and Len, who have crossed to piano.*)

MRS. H.—The Professor seems to have brought a love-fever as well as bird information. Did you hear Jean tell about her engagement to Abner?

BETTY AND LEN.—Really engaged? How fine! We were so busy planning our own bungalow that we did not hear her.

(*Enter Aunt S. with Prof., door-rear.*)

AUNT—(*to Mrs. H.*) Alfred is so generous. He hated to disappoint the ladies, so decided to return.

PROF.—(*looking around room*) Why, where is Harvey? I have not seen him for quite a while.

BETTY—(*quickly*) He did not feel just well, so decided to take the last train into town tonight. Abner is driving him to the station now.

PROF.—(*troubled*) Not well? I supposed he was in the prime of health. (*Laughing.*) But, if it wasn't that it would be something else. That boy never stays put a minute. (*Turns to Aunt S.*) But that will do away with any third person on our wedding journey, Sally, and make it complete.

(*Enter Jean, door-right, followed by two handsomely-dressed ladies. They smile at the Hastings, quickly.*)

LADIES—Good evening, Mrs. Hastings. Pardon the informality of our late call, but we just had to come. Good evening, Betty and Len.

1ST LADY—(*rushing over to Prof.*) We simply couldn't sleep, Professor, until we had told you how much your wonderful lecture meant to our club. It opened such rare and unusual vistas.

2ND LADY—Oh, Professor Pendleton, you ought to be the very happiest man in the world to have such a

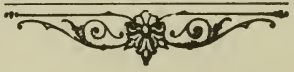
store of knowledge at your command. Every little bird flight means so much more to me now—now—that—

PROF.—(*hurriedly*) You give me far too much credit for what thousands of others know as well or better, ladies, but I thank you. (*Glancing toward Aunt Sally, who is watching smilingly.*) And you are right—I ought to be and *am* the happiest man in all this world!

LEONARD—(*seizing Betty impulsively by hand*) And so am I!

ABNER—(*appearing suddenly in door-rear, hat in one hand, the other arm about Jean's waist.*) And, beggin' your pardon for intruding to give a message to you alls, *so am I*—the happiest yet!

CURTAIN



MONOLOGS

By SEYMOUR S. TIBBALS

THIS series of character monologs has provided something funny, yet clean and wholesome, for the boy or man who wants a specialty along the lines of the professional monolog. They are especially adapted for the olio of a minstrel show or as an individual number on a vaudeville program.

Have You Ever Noticed That? A tramp monolog.

Izzy's Troubles. For a Hebrew character.

Waiting for the Alabama Lou. A darkey talking act, the speaker being a stranded minstrel.

Be Keerful Si. A Rube monolog.

As Oi Wuz Sayin'. For an Irish character.

Under the Pretzel Brough. Dutch monolog.

PRICE 15 CENTS EACH.

TWO PATRIOTIC MONOLOGS

The Stars and Stripes in Flanders.
A dramatic reading with a climax that will cause a thrill. Price, 25 cents.

When Monty Came Home from the Marne.
Suitable for any reader and a number that will be welcome on any program. Price 25 cents.

ELDRIDGE ENTERTAINMENT HOUSE

FRANKLIN, OHIO, also 944 S. Logan, DENVER, COLO.

Four Clever New Entertainments

SURE POP AND THE SAFETY FIRST SCOUTS

is going to be a splendid help in all "Safety First" Campaigns and can be given by children in the school-room or elsewhere. Price 25 cents.

FOWL DEEDS

A roaring black-face comedy, suitable for minstrels or short play on any program. Price 35 cents.

COMMUNITY PLAYS FOR VARIOUS DAYS

is a great help in developing the many phases of community life and spirit. A mighty helpful book for all civic work. Price 50 cents.

SPECIAL PLAYS FOR SPECIAL DAYS

This is another splendid book for every teacher. These short plays are enjoyable, either for school-room use or for exhibition purposes. A play for every special day. Price 50 cents.

ELDRIDGE ENTERTAINMENT HOUSE

FRANKLIN, OHIO, also 944 S. Logan, DENVER, COLO.

Some Bright New
Christmas Material

First Aid to Santa

By Ethel Sexton. A mighty bright playlet for 3 boys, 2 girls and 10 acting dolls (girls and boys). Plays 30 or 40 minutes. Price, 25c.

The Christmas Chain

By Lillian Pearson. A pretty sketch for 14 or more children. The Christmas Angel shows her complete Christmas Chain to two selfish sisters with happy results. Plays about 20 minutes. Price 25c.

How the Christmas Song Was Found

By Lillian Pearson. A simple, but beautiful sketch for any number of children, 12 required. Shows the real spirit of Christmas and tells how the glad Christmas song was found. Time, 20 to 30 minutes. For day schools or church entertainments. Price 25c.

Mr. Richey Changes His Mind

By Lee Owen Snook. Story of a crabbed, wealthy employer and how at Christmas time the memory of his mother changed his attitude toward his employes from that of a "driver" to a considerate comrade. An unexpected romance develops. 4 males, 4 females, and others, either high school or adults. Plays about 20 minutes. Price, 25c.

The Little Stranger

A moving picture Christmas play, by Edna Randolph Worrell. This is really a pantomime, the different scenes being either announced or shown on screen by stereopticon. 4 scenes "The Night Before Christmas Home of Orphan Children," "The Little Stranger at the Door," "The Little Stranger Entertains," "Christmas Morning." A pretty entertainment for any number of children. Plays about 30 minutes. 25c.

Ten Good Christmas Pantomimes

By Ethel Eldridge. A collection that will add novelty and effectiveness to your program. Specific directions for pantomiming some well-known hymns, songs and recitations—"Silent Night," "Little Town of Bethlehem," "When Good Old Kris Comes 'Round," "Favorite Carols," etc. Contains the music also. 40c.

Eldridge Entertainment House

FRANKLIN, OHIO also DENVER, COLO.
944 S. Logan St.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 018 348 682 2

Money-Making Entertainment Novelties for Church, School or Lodge

Miss Nibbs' Novelty Shop

By Alta Becker. This is a novel and humorous entertainment, introducing 'Liza Ann, Miss Nibbs, two traveling salesmen, shoppers, mechanical dolls and mechancal maid of all work. A good little stunt where a short, clean, humorous number is desired. Plays about 30 minutes. Price, 25c.

The Brightville Indoor Chautauqua

By Bessie Baker and Nellie Hanna. Here is a brand new idea for an evening's entertainment. It is in 5 parts, each part representing a day at Chautauqua. Gives wide scope for introduction of large cast and many specialties. Complete programs suggested as follows: Part 1, Chautauqua Concert Company; Part 2, Living Pictures; Part 3, Musical Entertainers; Part 4, Farmers' Night; Part 5, Coonville Jubilee Singers. Price, 35c.

Sorepaw & Fells Indoor Circus

By Margaret S. Bridge and Margaret H. Hahn. The Grand Annex and Musee, Freaks, Curiosities and Monstrosities, never were in it with the marvelous, amazing, mystifying array outlined in its pages. Artistic, ambling, agile, 'andsome acrobats; cajoling, cadaverous, costly, curious, cunning clowns; Hee-Shee, the Monkey Girl of Yucatan; all of these and many others will be seen in the Big Peerade before the show starts, ladies and gentlemen. Keep to the right—don't crowd. Price, 25c.

As Ye Sew

A "talking doll" missionary play by Dorothy Crichton. A lot of fun and some wholesome lessons are contained in the conversation of the dolls who discuss the motives of their donors. Splendid for Young People's or Missionary Societies. 10 girls, 1 boy, or all girls. Time, 20 minutes. Price, 15c.

Finding the Key

A dialog and drill for 10 or 12 girls and boys. Suitable for any religious program, but especially for Easter. Time, 20 minutes. Deals with problems of youth, recreations, etc.; also with those of Community Life and the present spirit of Unrest. Interspersed with suggested songs. Drill very effective. 25c.

Eldridge Entertainment House

FRANKLIN, OHIO also DENVER, COLO.
944 S. Logan St.